Againſt my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.

Stand foorth Demetrius.

My noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.

Stand foorth Lyſander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitcht the boſome of my childe:
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:
Thou haſt by moone-light at her window ſung,
With faining voice, verſes of faining loue,
And ſtolne the impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegaies, ſweet meates (meſſengers
Of ſtrong preuailement in vnhardened youth)
With cunning haſt thou filcht my daughters heart,
Turnd her obedience (which is due to me)
To ſtubborne harſhneſſe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your Grace,
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of *Athens*;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her;
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law,
Immediatly prouided in that caſe.

The. What ſay you *Hermia*? be aduis'd, faire maid,
To you your father ſhoud be as a God:
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one,
To whom you are but as a forme in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is *Lyſander*. *The.* In himſelfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

Her.

Her. I would my father lookt but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes muſt with his iudgement look

Her. I do intreate your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence, here to plead my thoughts;
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befall me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to die the death, or to abiure
For euer the ſociety of men.
Therefore faire *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choyce)
You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in ſhady Cloiſter mew'd
To liue a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the colde fruitleſſe Moone.
Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their blood,
To vndergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happy is the Roſe diſtild,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſſe.

Her. So will I grow, ſo liue, ſo dye my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordſhip, whoſe vnwiſhed yoake
My ſoule conſents not to giue ſouerainty.

The. Take time to pauſe, and by the next new Moone
The ſealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlaſting bond of fellowſhip:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For diſobedience to your fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he wold,
Or on *Dianaes* Altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſterity, and ſingle life.